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My dear Maria 2d 1821 Rome Sunday

Away from you all I feel my sundays sad! I'll be there today in spirit dearest! or I will sit down and dine with your father — the only real blessing is the remembrance of you all — here it pleases me to see St Joseph come — why he always comes when the dinner is over — Oh! says your mother, heaven preserve her to see all my wishes accomplished and be happy! Oh! and all the nice cabbage etc — yes says my father what the young rog — are you sure Charles he said that he'd come — he was all ready — I left him —— O! here he is — here he is — see the rogue here comes — peel your oranges — pick your plums — Thanks for some — another dance — and round the table make a ring — See the dogs tail — good — but I cannot be merry — unless I be with you — yet this train of thought always helps me to be happy — O! the English welcome I always had at my dear father's table — the kind and loving faces I always saw — the happy contented look of my father when I visited him — and the oftener the more happy he seemed — the anxious tender-hearted look of my mother — with all her kind inquiries — then the good-natured laugh of my dear Maria — and her eye looking at me from head to foot to see that her Joseph was all neat and clean — hearty Tom looking about and some new music at once — eating his dinner and playing on the organ at the same time — and the good boy Charles giving me his seat — O! this is warm round and round my heart — and was my heart the only repository for my ambition this would be my every thing — but it is not — my heart will be ever at my dear home — but my head is restless for fame and fortune — and now after getting on the waves and travelling 2500 miles — here I am above a thousand miles away from you — and where I may be next I know not — I hope here in Rome — as Irishman would say —

Feb. 11th X —— Now will be glad to hear that I am in good health and in the best prospects — yet still by the side of my dying friend — and there will I remain until he is no more — for my dear Maria — without me he would have died long since — I have kept him alive and given him every chance of recovery — but I fear it is all over with him — it is an awful task for me — yet how astonishing that I bear up so well — he has been confined to his bed two months during which time I have scarce ever left home — only just for a few minutes for a mouthful of fresh air — but no more of this letter on a subject so painful — keep up my spirits — therefore I must not

trying to paint a picture for the Royal Academy — my sketch is very
approved of — it is still dismal — The assination of Alcibiades — a great
man of great beauty and valor — the assassins surrounded his Villa — set
it on fire — and then prepared to kill him should he come out — he did come
but but his appearence was so terrible — so godlike — that they all ran
away to a distance — when they drew their arrows and killed him
this picture will be the same size as the last — I have daily a visit from
the Architectural Student who is now here from the Royal Academy — his time
expires in July next — and he seems certain I shall succeed him — he says
it depends entirely on myself — very well — does it — then I shall continue as I do
with my last picture — and do my best to be away from you three years —
three years — O how can I bear it — for I am sometimes thinking that I have
earned all I can here for my painting — but I must be in the wrong ———
Tell Father — Tell Father — that the only advantage I can see here over good old England
the beauty of the winter climate — at the beginning of January all the trees are
in blossom here — and in our houses here we have roses blowing — when I know you have
nothing but your bellows blowing — but the summer here is so immensely hot — that
everybody able leave the place — if not turned to butter as they turn to clay — they
have no musical Instruments worth a curse — the best toned instrument here is a
Chamber-pot — they Romans make them thick and it is astonishing what a fine tone is produced by
kicking them — could not a new Instrument be made from these — let it be called
the Chamber-Organ — The bell at St Peters is very fine in tone — I think better than
our St Paul's. ——— (February 19th I have just got your letter my dear Maria — O I have shed tears and thank
God to find my dear home the same — all happy — and all well — I thank God for this — as his
greatest blessing — you have written me just such a letter as I wanted — O you cannot know the
delight it is to me — it is a beautiful text for me — I have finished my breakfast with it — there
are the particulars on which I can feed my comfort — you must write me such another — never
mind about good writing — and don't inconvenience yourself with it — set down now and then
any any particulars — and if you can get Father to write me a little — it will be like a
other picture of him — even so little I shall be much gratified to have it — and Sarah will
now give a little in black and white I shall make her my best bow for it — I hope
she will write with his fiddle stick — will make a male writing — that I may have a
deal for my love as well as my money) Tell Father — that the Marquis Canova
called a "giant" and a "giant together" at our first meeting — that he was exceeding

kind to me — the letter of recommendation gave me a most friendly welcome — the President's letter — he has promised me his service at any time — and has already asked the holiness the Pope to permit me to study in any of his palaces — he seems to think highly of my views — particularly from my winning the gold medal and in a contest — this stands me very high here — there is great expectation from my works — I think to go very far beyond any painter I have seen so far — they have no original and native idea of Painting — they seem all dependent on other masters — nothing but imitation — nothing but the same thing over and over again — now on this point what Boston is my own — I find myself a real Englishman amongst these foreigners — and have determined that there is nothing like or equal to England — Tell him that I continue to think of painting from the English History when I return — I hope to glean all the knowledge and beauties of foreign art — and apply them to the benefit of my own country — this has never struck any painter — it is not a lucky thing — I am now thinking of my future on the plan of Raphael's pictures in the Vatican Palace — one picture I have in my head is the golden age of England — the Court of Queen Elizabeth — with portraits of all the distinguished folks of her time — Sir W Raleigh — Shakspeare &c &c — to this I hope to take a tour all over England to collect the antiquities and records for my purpose — tell Father something tells me that he will go with me on this tour — I know his love for all these old ruins — my object will be to propose my plan to some English Nobleman — Father must not doubt my success in this — for there are several Lancers here — sent out by persons of fortune — I look forward with great hope and delight — I feel that I shall be successful — since I have come here the way out has opened for Painting — I have been led here by providence — thank God for it — for it was the height and every thing for my studies. — Tell my Mother that poor Keats has lived on bread and milk for a month in the place I am to take — that her prophecy is going very well — I get very good dinners (for) a half pint of wine (for 3 half pence) afterwards — I am obliged to take great care of myself and do — I am looking very well and I can assure her everybody is showing me great kindness — but particularly the lady I mention — she is the wife of Keats' Physician — Dr Clark — no kindness that can be shown — but is shown us — I have every personal comfort possible — even to cabbage — this not my dear Mother's — I make bread and milk three times a day for me — for myself — sometimes tea — sometimes Chocolate — or Coffee — my dinner now I go

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